

Mess of Milk-Porridge, which was intended for the Giant *Grumbo*, who was then King of the Country. The Giant muttered a few Words with a Growl, which made the Val-lies ring, it was so loud and dreadful; and then taking Mr. *Thumb* up in his Spoon, threw him out of the Bowl; but not till *Tom* had first taken a Sup or two of the Broth. He lay for some Time by the Giant's Leg, where he observed all his Actions; and finding that he pulled Bread out of his Pocket to crumb the Mess, *Tom* slyly crept up his Coat, as he was sitting down, and got into his Pocket, where he feasted himself for several Days, taking Care, whenever the Giant put his Hand in his Pocket, to hide behind his Snuff-Box; and whenever the Giant slept, *Tom* got Liquor out of his Can. In the Course of his Residence here, *Tom* grew so hardy, that he would frequently peep out of the Giant's Pocket when he found him about a bad Action, and after giving him a Goad with his Sword, would boldly call out, *Sirrah! what are you at there, Sirrah?* and then pop in his Head, and hide behind the Snuff-Box as usual. The Giant not only missed his Bread, but found something instead thereof which he did not like; for *Tom*, who had conveyed

veyed all the Food among the Linings of the Folds, where he had Room to range, made use of the Pocket for another Purpose, which was not altogether fair, but he could not help it.

*Tom* continued in this Situation till he had discovered the Giant's Disposition, which he found was very bad; for he had a heavy Head and a hard Heart, he was proud, selfish, surlily, and so tyrannical and cruel, that his Subjects were afraid to come near him. *Tom* knew there would be no travelling the Country with Safety till he had broken the Spirit of this turbulent Giant, and reduced him to better Manners; he therefore would never suffer him to rest, but whenever he began to sleep, pricked him with his little Sword, so that, after some Time, he was so weak for want of Rest, that he could not walk. He kept him in this State till he had learned the Language of the Country; and then, as he lay in Bed, *Tom* got upon his Breast, and thus addressed him: "Are you inclined, oh *Grumbo*, to live or to die? If you would live, you must take my Advice, and behave with Humanity and Kindness to all your Subjects and to me; but if you would rather die than be good, do so, for nobody will be sorry for you."